

The Interior Journal.

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, Jr., Business Manager.

TERMS:
INvariably IN ADVANCE.
One Copy, one year..... \$2.00
One Copy, six months..... 1.00
Ten Copies, one year..... 15.00

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Lines written on the Death of Dr. E. S. Talmage of Phila.

By Mrs. ERICK WILSON STAPE.

We saw him first one sunny Sabbath morn—
A stranger, young and full, and full of gentle grace,
With strength of lofty manhood in his veins,
And truth and honor, stamped upon his face.
And as the days flew by, we learned to know
And trust him, a tried and valued friend,
Rejoicing, when his presence cheered our home,
And dreams not, how little it all must end.
For even when he came to say "farewell,"
We thought, two only for a little while,
The winter was brightened by a parting smile.
The McLean County Progress is for sale,
Price, with \$200 worth of accounts, \$200.
An animal partaking of the nature and
appearance of a fox, raccoon and wild cat,
With cubs. It was a Gaulian Sad-
ducee, and he had a phthisicky ca-
taract, diphtheria, and the bilious in-
termittent erysipelas. A certain shibyl,
With the sobriquet of 'Gypsey,' went
into ecstasies of exultation at seeing
him measure a bushel of pease, and
separate anacharines tomatoes from a
heap of peeled potatoes without dy-
ing or singeing the ignitable queue
which he wore, or becoming paralyzed
with a hemorrhage. Lifting her eyes
to the ceiling of the cupola of the
Capitol to conceal her unparalleled
embarrassment, making a rough cour-
tesy, and not harassing him with mysti-
fying, rarefying, and stupefying in-
nuendos, she gave him a douch, a
bouquet of lilies, mignonette, a
carnation, a treatise on monomachy, a
daguerreotype of Mendelssohn and
Kosciusko, a kaleidoscope, a dram
vial of ipecacuanha, a tea-spoonful of
naphtha for deleble purposes, a ferula,
a clarinet, some licorice, a surcingle,
a carnelian of symmetrical propor-
tions, a chronometer with a movable
balance-wheel, a box of dominoes, and
a catechism. The gauger, who was
also trafficking rectifier and a par-
ishioner of mine, preferring a wooden
surfourt (his choice was referable to a
vacillating, occasionally occurring
idiosyncrasy), wofully uttered this
apothegm, 'Life is checkered, but
selfism, apostasy, heresy, and villainy
shall be punished.' The sybil apolo-
gizingly answered, 'There is notably
an allegable difference between a con-
ferrable ellipsis and a trisyllabic dis-
ress.' We replied in trochees, not
impugning her suspicion.

We suggest to our readers that some
member of the "family circle," when
conversation lags during the evening,
should "give out" the above words.
The one who is successful in spelling
all of them correctly may be congrat-
ulated, and should go to the head of
the class.

Effects of Blue Glass.

A correspondent of the San Fran-
cisco Chronicle, who had suffered from
chronic rheumatism for many years,
placed blue glass in the windows of his
bath-room and filled the tub with water.
He was suddenly called out by the storm
last week, and knocked down the
chimney, shattered the clock, overthrew the
mantel, and tore up the hearth. Pretty
soon he was in Cincinnati. He had
been impressed with the efficacy of blue
glass. These are his own words: "I found
the room filled with nasty, slimy rep-
tiles, somewhat resembling shrimps, but
very much larger—in fact, a great
many of them would weigh a pound.
After I had recovered from my fright,
I called my wife and demanded an
explanation: 'Where did these things
come from, and why have they been
placed in this room?' She looked in-
to the room, screamed and fainted. I
carried her to bed, and called for the
camphor-bottle, and after she had suf-
ficiently recovered her senses, she cried
out, 'Oh, those are the nasty things
that are in the water; those are the cyclops.'
Under the influence of the blue
glass, the microscopic creatures
had developed into such enormous pro-
portions that they had crowded them-
selves out of the bath-tub until they
lay on the floor at least two feet deep.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Elder J. Ballou will preach at the
Christian Church here, next Sunday,
at 11 o'clock.

The Baptist protracted meeting
just closed at Midway, resulted in 33
conversions—18 of whom were bap-
tized last Sunday.

Rev. G. O. Barnes, having con-
cluded a gracious revival at Burksville,
has gone with his daughter, Miss
Marie, to hold a meeting in Glasgow.

AT THE STANFORD CHURCHES.—
Notwithstanding a steady rain, and a
disagreeable day, generally, there was
preaching at all the Churches here on
Sunday, save the Presbyterian. For
the thorough vindication of our es-
teemed friend, Rev. J. A. Bogle, we
had earnestly hoped for a fair day,
when the attendance would be full at
the Methodist Church. He, however,
showed his determination to stand up
to his word in regard to reducing the
length of his sermons, and in the space
of 37 minutes delivered a discourse
both learned and interesting. At the
same Church at night, Rev. J. L. Loton
Barnes, proved that the assertion that
the preachers of the West End never
knew when to "wind up"—their
sermons, was a gross misrepresentation
of facts—for he succeeded in "wind-
ing up" an excellent sermon in thirty-
five minutes. At the Christian
Church Elder J. Ballou preached in
the forenoon. It took him 55 min-
utes to get through with his remarks.
This won't do. Rev. Jno. M. Bruce,
at the Baptist Church, had a fair au-
dience considering the inclement wea-
ther. Twenty-five minutes were only
consumed in the delivery of his dis-
course. No preaching at the Church
at night.

**The Steps of Fashionable Women
Regulated.**

Word comes to us from Paris of a
recent contrivance of the modistes, by
which the long trains and *collant*
dresses are to be retained in position.
A strong elastic is attached to one
garter, just above the knee, carried
over, and fastened to the other; thus
the length of the steps taken by the
feet is regulated, and the classical
folds of the costume remain undis-
turbed.

The Postmaster General's response
to all applicants for office, is: "No
vacancy." He is playing a little game
of KEY-no with the boys.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOLUME VI.—NUMBER 5.

STANFORD, KY., FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1877.

WHOLE NUMBER 264.

Advertising rates furnished on application.

STATE NEWS.

Circuit Court commenced at Somerset
last Monday.

Seventy-two negroes recently left Jesus-
minister one car, bound for Kansas.

The McLean County Progress is for sale,
Price, with \$200 worth of accounts, \$200.

An animal partaking of the nature and
appearance of a fox, raccoon and wild cat,
is puzzling the people of Barren.

J. G. Parker, a freight Conductor on the
Mayville R. R., was run over and killed
by an Engine at Paris, last week.

Thirty-four acres of land near Paris sold
last week for \$184 per acre. It was the
property of the late Senator Davis.

A ghost has lately been seen by various
people at various points in this neighbor-
hood recently, says the Elizabethian News.

A man named Keeth has sued a Mrs.
Ross in Paducah, for \$5,000 damages, be-
cause she called him a "thieving, wooly
dog."

Two Irishmen with bullet holes through
their skulls, were found near Georgetown
Friday. It is supposed they were mur-
dered for their money.

Hell is paved with good intentions.—
Sheridan.

Hell is paved with good intentions.—
Johnson.

The child is father to the man.—
Wadsworth.

Handsome is that handsome does.—
Goldsmith.

Assume a virtue if you have it not.—
Shakespeare.

And bid the devil take the hind-
most.—Butler.

None but the brave deserve the
fair.—Dryden.

An honest man's the noblest work
of God.—Popé.

A change came o'er the spirit of my
dream.—Byron.

The better part of valor is discre-
tion.—Shakespeare.

I love to tell the truth and shame
the devil.—Swift.

Screw your courage to the sticking
place.—Shakespeare.

Worth make the man, the want of it
make the fellow.—Popé.

Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's
name in print.—Byron.

Peace has her victories no less re-
nowned than war.—Milton.

O, fairest of creation, last and best
of all God's works.—Milton.

There is nothing half so sweet in
life as loves young dream.—Moore.

It shall also be the duty of our
editors to collect and publish all an-
ecdotes favorable to our enterprise;
and in case of the paucity of these
auxiliaries, they must invent and
publish such as will secure the approba-
tion of men to our benevolent insti-
tution.

5. Our editors shall take special
care to publish at proper intervals,
and with all imposing conspicuity, the
most distinguished contributors to
these projects, and to set forth, in the
most glowing colors, the accomplish-
ments and elevated attainments of all
the prominent actors in this golden
drama, and to defend us against each
and every attack that might expose
our craft or deprive us of any portion
of our reward.

6. Our prominent Managers, Presi-
dents, Secretaries and Treasurers, shall
be chosen to office wholly with regard
to their wealth, high-standing and
reputation in this present world. No
man, though spotless as Job, or as
holy as Elijah, shall ever become a Presi-
dent, Manager or Director, if he be
either poor or obscure. But by
calling the wise, the noble, the wealthy,
and the great men of this world
to manage our affairs, we shall secure
more respect, more fame, and more
of that most essential of all things to
success—pious donations.

7. Our editors shall take special
care to publish at proper intervals,
and with all imposing conspicuity, the
most distinguished contributors to
these projects, and to set forth, in the
most glowing colors, the accomplish-
ments and elevated attainments of all
the prominent actors in this golden
drama, and to defend us against each
and every attack that might expose
our craft or deprive us of any portion
of our reward.

8. Our editors shall take special
care to publish at proper intervals,
and with all imposing conspicuity, the
most distinguished contributors to
these projects, and to set forth, in the
most glowing colors, the accomplish-
ments and elevated attainments of all
the prominent actors in this golden
drama, and to defend us against each
and every attack that might expose
our craft or deprive us of any portion
of our reward.

9. Our press and our preachers
shall always be devoted to the Colleges
and Theological Schools; and whenever
any College confers any degrees
upon our preachers, it shall be the duty
of that preacher ever afterwards to
keep his eyes open. The preacher
proceeded with his sermon to the end,
and at its conclusion the organist was
fast asleep and snoring loudly. The
choir being in readiness to commence
singing, some one shook the sleeping
musician from his slumbers to play an
accompaniment. He awoke with a
start, and electrified the congregation
by shouting at the top of his voice—
"Rosy, file glass pier."—[Pottsville
(Pa.) Journal.]

10. In getting up revivals all means
popular shall be employed. Christ
and the Devil's pews shall all be em-
ployed as far as convenient. And
while we may borrow help from those
better skilled than we in working up
human passions, let us take care of
the converts, and pay our sibles in
praise.

11. The "Herald of Fame" and
every member of our society shall
always proceed upon the principle that
fame is the summum bonum; and that
to be praised, we must praise, especi-
ally those whose praise can most pro-
mote our own.

You can't expect a lawyer to dress
well who never gets a suit.

CURLING A SWITCH OF NATURAL
HAIR.—Comb it out nicely and oil it;
roll tightly on muslin rags, four of
them; fasten by sewing; boil for half
an hour in soap suds; sponge them
and set to dry in any warm place,
still leaving them done up; allow a
full week for drying; longer would be
better; separate and brush carefully
on a curling-stick without wetting.—
[New York Times.]

After a four days trial, the suit
against the Baltimore and Ohio R. R.
Company by a negro woman for ejection
from a first-class car, was decided in favor
of the R. R. Company.

John D. Lee, the leader of the
Mountain Meadows Massacre, who
was shot last Friday for the crime
committed 20 years ago, leaves eight
wives and sixty-four children to
mourn his loss.

The Postmaster General's response
to all applicants for office, is: "No
vacancy." He is playing a little game
of KEY-no with the boys.

RECENT NEWS.

Postmaster General Key has thir-
teen children.

Grant will leave for Europe with
his family in May.

Floridians now regale themselves with
the luscious strawberry.

Female Suffrage has been defeated in
the Rhode Island Legislature by a
majority of one.

Dr. Raphael, the Cincinnati Quack
Doctor and humbug generally, has
committed suicide.

A member of Sardis Grange, in Al-
abama, raised ninety bushels of corn
on one acre of ground.

There is a marmalade factory at
Jacksonville, Florida, that turns out
three tons of it in a week.

Dr. Mary Walker has been forcibly
ejected from the Treasury building by
order of Secretary John Sherman, for
being a common nuisance.

A sign, with the letters "Orange
Park" on it, in Florida, is the largest
in the United States. It is 200 feet
long, and can be read easily at a dis-
tance of 6 miles.

After a four days trial, the suit
against the Baltimore and Ohio R. R.
Company by a negro woman for ejection
from a first-class car, was decided in favor
of the R. R. Company.

The Postmaster General's response
to all applicants for office, is: "No
vacancy." He is playing a little game
of KEY-no with the boys.

RECENT NEWS.

Postmaster General Key has thir-
teen children.

Grant will leave for Europe with
his family in May.

Floridians now regale themselves with
the luscious strawberry.

Female Suffrage has been defeated in
the Rhode Island Legislature by a
majority of one.

Dr. Raphael, the Cincinnati Quack
Doctor and humbug generally, has
committed suicide.

A member of Sardis Grange, in Al-
abama, raised ninety bushels of corn
on one acre of ground.

There is a marmalade factory at
Jacksonville, Florida, that turns out
three tons of it in a week.

Dr. Mary Walker has been forcibly
ejected from the Treasury building by
order of Secretary John Sherman, for
being a common nuisance.

A sign, with the letters "Orange
Park" on it, in Florida, is the largest
in the United States. It is 200 feet
long, and can be read easily at a dis-
tance of 6 miles.

After a four days trial, the suit
against the Baltimore and Ohio R. R.
Company by a negro woman for ejection
from a first-class car, was decided in favor
of the R. R. Company.

The Postmaster General's response
to all applicants for office, is: "No
vacancy." He is playing a little game
of KEY-no with the boys.

RECENT NEWS.

Postmaster General Key has thir-
teen children.

Grant will leave for Europe with
his family in May.

Floridians now regale themselves with
the luscious strawberry.

Female Suffrage has been defeated in
the Rhode Island Legislature by a
majority of one.

Dr. Raphael, the Cincinnati Quack
Doctor and humbug generally, has
committed suicide.

A member of Sardis Grange, in Al-
abama, raised ninety bushels of corn
on one acre of ground.

There is a marmalade factory at
Jacksonville, Florida, that turns out
three tons of it in a week.

Dr. Mary Walker has been forcibly
ejected from the Treasury building by
order of Secretary John Sherman, for
being a common nuisance.

A sign, with the letters "Orange
Park" on it, in Florida, is the largest
in the United States. It is 200 feet
long, and can be read easily at a dis-
tance of 6 miles.

After a four days trial, the suit
against the Baltimore and Ohio R. R.
Company by a negro woman for ejection
from a first-class car,

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, March 20, 1877.

W. P. WALTON, - Editor

BEFORE his inauguration, and while there were grave doubts that he would ever dishonor the position made sacred by Washington and other illustrious Presidents, Hayes wrote to Foster promising that if he were made President that he would favor an immediate establishment of local governments in the South as it prevailed in the Northern States. This fair promise, coupled with the assurance that United States troops would be immediately withdrawn from the Southern States, conciliated to a great degree the Southern members of Congress, and they ceased by dilatory motions, to delay the work of the National Returning Board. Hayes has kept neither of these promises, nor is he likely to do so. Put in his high office by the most glaring processes of fraud, it is but natural that he should uphold fraud and usurpation, and those who were gullied into the belief that Hayes would be an improvement on Grant are daily being convinced of their credulity. He has neither the desire nor the firmness to carry out his promises, but drifts with unerring certainty into the cess-pool of Radical filth and corruption.

By the laws of Utah, a criminal sentenced to die can choose the method of his execution. John D. Lee, the Mormon, convicted as the leader of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, chose to be shot, and last Friday, in sight of the scene of his bloody work of twenty years ago, he expiated his crime with his heart's blood, torn out by five bullets from the guns of his executioners. In a speech just before the fatal moment, he gave an account of his connection with the crime whereby 120 women and children were murdered in cold blood, and in its recital implicated several men not previously suspected. He displayed the utmost coolness from beginning to end, remarking that he felt resigned to his fate and as calm as a summer's morning. His last words, as he sat blindfolded on his coffin, were "Aim at my heart," and in another moment his spirit had gone to its final punishment. He leaves eighteen wives and sixty-four children.

At the primary election last Saturday in Woodford county, to select a nominee for the Democratic party, in the approaching legislative race, Gen. Buford was chosen by a majority of 131 votes. There were three competitors for the nomination, and about 1,000 votes were cast. Judge Craig, one of the defeated candidates, promised a faithful support to the nominee, but James Brooke, the other, bolted and declared himself an independent candidate. Old "Dixie Doodle" should and will be elected by a rousing majority.

NEXT Monday, Cincinnati will hold an election for municipal officers. Hon. G. W. C. Johnston, the present Democratic Mayor, has received the nomination of his party, and stands an excellent chance for re-election.

We have received from Dr. Howard Smith, Esq., Auditor, his report for the fiscal year ending October 10th, 1876, for which we return thanks.

GARRARD COUNTY NEWS.

Lancaster.

March 28, 1877.

The moon hangs in misty splendor above the slumbering village. No sound disturbs the intense stillness, not even the faint tapping of bird or breeze at my window late.

The "watch dog's honest bark" is heard in whistling dreams of the happy canine hunting grounds as "from my window's height I look out on the night," keeping a vigil more suggestive of Hindu and Hafed "met on her brink"—of troubadour and captive-lad—than of the gaunt, grim, every-day pictures that go to make up life as it is, out of books.

With the glamour of such a halo the pen is loth to leave haunting details for the prosy maze of village news items; yet fortunately, or unfortunately, the will-o'-the-wisp called fancy is of necessity reined into bounds by the sterner exactions of duties; fair and peaceful moonlight landscape, au revoir.

Monday's train brought home Mr. Oscar Sweeney and his bride. And over the brook runs merrily on; and over the old, old story goes; of a heart for a heart, of a life for a life, and a "double health" 'mid a world of woes.

Mr. W. H. Hopper and wife left on Tuesday for a visit to Tennessee.

MARRIED.—March 23d, Elizabeth Warner to George W. Snell.

The Presbyterian Miss Society held its regular semi-monthly meeting on Tuesday evening.

The sunshine already allures embryo Isaac Walton to the brink of many a sylvan lake and rural stream. With March winds blowing, however, it must be about as gratifying sport as Mark Twain's friend found while sitting in wait for the "voice of the turtle dove" to be heard in the land. As for the voices they are nowise scarce now in the early morn. Jenny Wren whistles her shrill soprano while making a cozy little nest just within the doors of a mansion not a hundred miles away; and the plaintive coo of another woodland mother reminds one of the old legend about the maiden, the lover and the first spring dove.

A DECREE has been entered by the Circuit Court at Richmond, Virginia, for the sale of that great and important thoroughfare, the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad after ninety days notice by the receiver. The State of Virginia being largely and pecuniarily interested in the road, it is said, will appeal from the decree of the Court. It is to be hoped that satisfactory arrangements can be made that will obviate the necessity of its sale now, or at any future time.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP has been before the public for years, and is pronounced by thousands superior to all other articles for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza and all pulmonary complaints.

Elder D. Bartley is in town, taking subscriptions for a fine Bible, which contains a

BREVITIES.—Harlan has been recognized. He is going to serve on the Louisiana Commission....The Dam of the Staffordville, Connecticut, reservoir, gave way on Wednesday, producing a fearful flood, which caused the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property.....Colonel Terrell, who shot and killed Harvey Myers, in Covington, three years ago, is on trial for the crime this week at Burlington....The latest dispatches say that it is pretty certain that the troops will be withdrawn from the State house of South Carolina.....Three of Packard's legislators have deserted him and Packard chided with the tardiness of the President, is armoring his negroes.....J. L. Keck & Bro., prominent pork-packers of Cincinnati, are temporarily embarrassed.....The Galt House, Louisville, has gone into bankruptcy.....Gov. Hampton was received with unabated enthusiasm all along his way to Washington....Ex-Mayor Hall, of New York, who mysteriously disappeared a week ago, is still *non est inventus*. Many surmises are made regarding his departure.....The Pope is dangerously ill.

EX-PRESIDENT Grant is in Cincinnati, a guest of Hon. Wash McLean, of the *Enquirer*. He was "on change" of the week, and on being introduced as "the second Washington of the nation," made one of his briefest speeches, acknowledging that he was "a better fellow now than he was six months ago." There is yet, great room for improvement, and it is to be hoped he will improve the opportunity to improve.

It is said that Key, the nominal Post Master General of the United States, didn't take the straight-out iron-clad oath usually administered to Cabinet officers, but a modified oath. This is all bosh. A man that would accept the humiliating position that he has, ought to be able to swear to any thing.

THE Matron of the Lunatic Asylum at Anchorage has committed suicide by taking corrosive sublimate. It is said that the rash act was committed during a spell of melancholia, produced by the faithlessness of her lover. Her name was Dora L. Negard, and she was originally from Cincinnati.

AFTER several days trial before Judge M. H. Owlesley, special Judge, the case of Jno. C. Northcraft, for the murder of Thomas H. Chandler, in the latter part of 1875, was concluded last Saturday in Lebanon, with a verdict of acquittal.

NEXT Monday, Cincinnati will hold an election for municipal officers. Hon. G. W. C. Johnston, the present Democratic Mayor, has received the nomination of his party, and stands an excellent chance for re-election.

We have received from Dr. Howard Smith, Esq., Auditor, his report for the fiscal year ending October 10th, 1876, for which we return thanks.

SCORE two for Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris. This time it's a boy, and its "grandpappy" is going to start to see it May 10th.

GARRARD COUNTY NEWS.

Lancaster.

March 28, 1877.

The moon hangs in misty splendor above the slumbering village. No sound disturbs the intense stillness, not even the faint tapping of bird or breeze at my window late.

The "watch dog's honest bark" is heard in whistling dreams of the happy canine hunting grounds as "from my window's height I look out on the night," keeping a vigil more suggestive of Hindu and Hafed "met on her brink"—of troubadour and captive-lad—than of the gaunt, grim, every-day pictures that go to make up life as it is, out of books.

With the glamour of such a halo the pen is loth to leave haunting details for the prosy maze of village news items; yet fortunately, or unfortunately, the will-o'-the-wisp called fancy is of necessity reined into bounds by the sterner exactions of duties; fair and peaceful moonlight landscape, au revoir.

Monday's train brought home Mr. Oscar Sweeney and his bride. And over the brook runs merrily on; and over the old, old story goes; of a heart for a heart, of a life for a life, and a "double health" 'mid a world of woes.

Mr. W. H. Hopper and wife left on Tuesday for a visit to Tennessee.

MARRIED.—March 23d, Elizabeth Warner to George W. Snell.

The Presbyterian Miss Society held its regular semi-monthly meeting on Tuesday evening.

The sunshine already allures embryo Isaac Walton to the brink of many a sylvan lake and rural stream. With March winds blowing, however, it must be about as gratifying sport as Mark Twain's friend found while sitting in wait for the "voice of the turtle dove" to be heard in the land. As for the voices they are nowise scarce now in the early morn. Jenny Wren whistles her shrill soprano while making a cozy little nest just within the doors of a mansion not a hundred miles away; and the plaintive coo of another woodland mother reminds one of the old legend about the maiden, the lover and the first spring dove.

A DECREE has been entered by the Circuit Court at Richmond, Virginia, for the sale of that great and important thoroughfare, the Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad after ninety days notice by the receiver. The State of Virginia being largely and pecuniarily interested in the road, it is said, will appeal from the decree of the Court. It is to be hoped that satisfactory arrangements can be made that will obviate the necessity of its sale now, or at any future time.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP has been before the public for years, and is pronounced by thousands superior to all other articles for the cure of coughs, colds, influenza and all pulmonary complaints.

Elder D. Bartley is in town, taking subscriptions for a fine Bible, which contains a

encyclopedia of sacred events, from the commentator's standpoint.

The Pound Sociable, set for Thursday night, is exciting its share of interest.

A serenade party have been discounting liquid strains and catching liquid colds.

An amateur violinist recently distin-

guished himself at one of our hotels before an applauding multitude.

A traveller has been here taking a busi-

ness prospectus of the place.

County Court on Monday. The voice of

the auctioneer sounded amid buggies, cat-

tle, plows, and all such affairs as belong es-

specially to Court days. Each avenue re-

sembles from town presented the usual spec-

imens from "Dob's dinner—you know. Pow-

ful strong lemonade!" We observed that Renfro has left the country,

no attempt having been made to arrest him.

Quirio.

MADISON COUNTY NEWS.

the following are the particulars: On the

day mentioned, John Renfro went to the

house of one Carlton, and after some con-

versation with him, asked him a question

in reference to a tan-bark transaction be-

tween the parties. Carlton replied to the

question, when Renfro seized a rock which

was lying on the mantel-piece, and struck

Carlton with it in the temple, breaking his

skull and killing him instantly. We un-

derstand that Renfro has left the country,

no attempt having been made to arrest

him.

County Court on Monday. The voice of

the auctioneer sounded amid buggies, cat-

tle, plows, and all such affairs as belong es-

specially to Court days. Each avenue re-

sembles from town presented the usual spec-

imens from "Dob's dinner—you know. Pow-

ful strong lemonade!" We observed that Renfro has left the country,

no attempt having been made to arrest him.

Quirio.

ROBERT S. LYTHE AND ANDREW G. WHITLEY.

WITH

JOHN H. CRAIG.

VAN ARSDALE BUILDING,

MAIN STREET, STANFORD, KY.,

DEALER IN

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, WHITE GOODS

AND MILLINERY GOODS.

J. W. McALISTER, Special Partner.

Miss Lucy Butterfield, of Louisville, will return early in the Spring with a large and elegant Stock of Millinery and Fancy Goods.

Miss Belle Hughes, of Danville, has charge of our Dress-Making Department, in which the Ladies will always find the Novelties in Fashion.

In the Future as in the past, we will keep the best assorted Stock of Goods in Central Kentucky, which will be sold at THE LOWEST CASH PRICES. As we purchase Goods from first hands & in large quantities, we propose to give our customers the benefits.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

N. B. TEVIS

IS NOW RECEIVING THE

LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE STOCK OF GOODS

EVER BROUGHT TO THIS MARKET--CONSISTING OF

READY-MADE CLOTHING, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, BOOTS, SHOES &c.

A

NEW DEPARTURE

The undersigned now has full control of the

CANDIDATES.

We are requested to announce Hon. L. D. GOODE a Candidate to represent the County of Lincoln in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention.

We are authorized to announce J. H. BRUCE, a candidate for the County of Garrard, and Lincoln, in the next Senate of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Mr. McFERRAN, of Boyle, a Candidate for the County of Garrard and Lincoln, in the next Senate of Kentucky, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Hon. J. H. BRUCE, a candidate to represent the County of Garrard and Lincoln, in the next Legislature, subject to the action of the Democratic Convention.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R. JONES, of Stanford, Ky.

We are authorized to announce Mr. LEWIS R

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, March 30, 1877.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

VISITING CARD—See the office.

40,000 Shingles at A. Owsley's, cheap.

Go to Bohon & Stagg's for your fishing tackle.

Ponds' extract for Rheumatism. Try it. ANDERSON & McROBERTS.

"Joy Wagons for boys at \$1.50 each at Anderson & McRoberts".

New supply of Celluloid Jewelry. Call on ANDERSON & McRoberts.

Toilet Soaps—A large and new supply at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

A. OWSLEY has just received 100 Bibs, fresh lime for sale at low figures.

J. Wieland, successor to Ferrell & Surber, keeps fresh beef every day.

ZEPHYR for working mottoes, and frames for mottoes, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

Wm. Younger & Co.'s India Pale Ale for delicate persons at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

A large new supply of Machine Needles, for all Machines, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

PILKIN, Corn Plasters and Mineral Ointment, for sale at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

SAY YOUR EYES. Buy a pair of Lazarus & Morris' perfect Spectacles, at E. R. Chenault's.

LADRETT'S Garden Seeds, large, fresh Stock in papers and bulk, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

PHYSICIANS prescriptions and Pharmaceutical preparations, a specialty at E. R. Chenault's.

ANDERSON & McROBERTS have just received a superior lot of Pistols, Cartridges and Cutlers.

If you want a good clock, you can find it at Chenault's at city prices. Warrented twelve months.

A handsome stock of every thing in the Jewelry line, at E. R. Chenault's, at less than city prices.

A pure article of Apple Brandy for medicinal purposes for sale by T. S. Elkin, at the Commercial Hotel Bar.

Lemons' Aniline Dye, of all Colors, for dyeing anything, at 25 cents per bottle, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

TWENTY-FIVE sets of Croquet at \$5 each; \$100; \$25; \$10; \$2 and \$3. Call and see. ANDERSON & McRoberts.

Buy your Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, White Lead, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, School Books, Stationery, &c., at E. R. Chenault's.

Parsons, Dunton & Scoville's, Thompson & Bowler's and Spearman Copy Books, 15 cents each, or two for 25 cents, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

A complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of Hooks, Lines, Snoods, Pole Trimmings, Keels and Minnows, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

C. S. R. R.—Mr. Patrick Flannery, the contractor for section 85 in Pulaski, has completed his work to the satisfaction of the Engineers and has pulled up stakes on the Cincinnati Southern. Like a good many of us, he has had quite enough of it, and is willing now to retire for a season.

DESIRED to bring to this market the largest, best and most attractive stock of goods of any merchant in this part of the State, Mr. E. B. Hayden is still in the Eastern markets making purchases and shipping them home as fast as lightning express trains can bear them.

F. J. CAMPBELL.—HORSE AND CROP ITEMS.—Wanted—Information as to who has certain Patent Attachment to an "old fashioned" churn. The "attachment" is screwed into a stationary post, or wall, and works by a crank, like a grindstone, and a small grindstone is also attached. The movement is perpendicular. Address this office.

THE SALARY GRABBERS.—The salary grabbing Town Trustees have well nigh run their race. A few more days and they will retire from their onerous duties into the quiet shades of private life, conscious of having derided the town to the amount of \$25 a piece and forgotten gains.

YESTERDAY and the day before Hayden Brothers were busy receiving and opening their splendid assortment of carpets, oil cloths and furniture just arrived from the city. We saw them after they were opened, and declare to our readers that we have never seen them excelled either in price, quality or beauty.

A LADY went into one of our leading stores the other day and remarked that she had heard so much about the nice goods there, that she desired to look at them, but not to buy at that time. So pleased was she, however, that before leaving the House she had purchased nearly \$30 worth of Hayden Bro's, whose store we have herein referred to.

DISMISSED.—Baptist is catching fits at Shelby City, this week. Rev. Kendall of the Protestant Methodist Church and Elder Ball, of the Christian Church commenced a discussion there on Tuesday, which is to last eight days. Not much interest is manifested in the debate, as it is not supposed that these obscure brethren will be able to sustain the weight of their arguments.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.—J. B. Owens and Thomas Buford have formed a co-partnership in the Livery Stable business, and are getting ready an outfit that can not be surpassed by any stable in the State, outside of Louisville. They have already purchased five or six new buggies and phaeton, and a number of fine horses. Advertisements next week.

FISHING.—Mr. R. E. Barrow, with his usual generosity, invites any and all persons inclined to while away an hour or so in angling, to visit his pond and enjoy themselves. The pond is stocked with the best varieties of fish and will be free to any one till the first of May. Those who accept this kind offer are requested not to leave his gates open nor bring their horses inside his enclosure.

WEARON & EVANS.—A little child of Mr. Hubble, who lives in the old Garvin place, next to our house, died yesterday morning of tonsillitis.

JACKSON RUSSELL, of the West End, who was arrested and taken to Louisville on a charge of illicit selling of whisky, was fined \$100 and imprisoned for four months by the U. S. Court.

LOCAL NEWS.

NEXT Monday will County Court.

REV. J. M. BRUCE will preach at Willow Grove, next Sunday at 3 o'clock, P. M.

FOR SALE.—Best saddle horse in Kentucky. — S. B. MATHENY.

FIFTY THOUSAND Shingles, in quantities to suit purchasers, at \$3 per thousand.

WEARON & EVANS.

A little child of Mr. Hubble, who lives in the old Garvin place, next to our house, died yesterday morning of tonsillitis.

JACKSON RUSSELL, of the West End, who was arrested and taken to Louisville on a charge of illicit selling of whisky, was fined \$100 and imprisoned for four months by the U. S. Court.

A large and complete assortment of Garden Seeds at the P. O. Store.

An interesting letter from our old friend Es. Tarrant, will appear next week.

You will find Briggs & Bros., D. M. Ferry & Co's., and Detroit Seed Co's., Garden Seeds, at the P. O. Store.

MR. WM. STEPHENS' little child, who was so badly burned some time since, is slowly recovering from her injuries.

S. B. MATHENY, Esq., left for Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on Tuesday last, to attend a Railroad meeting to take place there this week.

MARRIED.—Wm. Vinson and Miss Sophie Gooch, were married yesterday, at the residence of the bride's father, near McKinney's Station.

DIED.—Mr. Wm. Young, Circuit Clerk of Casey county, died of Consumption on the 21st of this month. He was a very popular officer, and held in high regard by nearly every one.

UNDER the head of Religious Items on our first page, Elder Jos. Ballou is announced to preach here next Sunday. This appointment has been withdrawn, and he will preach at Hustonville at 11 o'clock on that day.

DIED.—On Monday last, after an illness of several weeks, Mrs. Sarah E. Mattingly, wife of Mr. Robert T. Mattingly. She was conscious of her condition to the last, and left many evidences to her surviving friends of her dying hope of a blissful hereafter.

A large new supply of Machine Needles, for all Machines, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

PILKIN, Corn Plasters and Mineral Ointment, for sale at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

SAY YOUR EYES. Buy a pair of Lazarus & Morris' perfect Spectacles, at E. R. Chenault's.

LADRETT'S Garden Seeds, large, fresh Stock in papers and bulk, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

PHYSICIANS prescriptions and Pharmaceutical preparations, a specialty at E. R. Chenault's.

ANDERSON & McROBERTS have just received a superior lot of Pistols, Cartridges and Cutlers.

If you want a good clock, you can find it at Chenault's at city prices. Warrented twelve months.

A handsome stock of every thing in the Jewelry line, at E. R. Chenault's, at less than city prices.

A pure article of Apple Brandy for medicinal purposes for sale by T. S. Elkin, at the Commercial Hotel Bar.

Lemons' Aniline Dye, of all Colors, for dyeing anything, at 25 cents per bottle, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

TWENTY-FIVE sets of Croquet at \$5 each; \$100; \$25; \$10; \$2 and \$3. Call and see. ANDERSON & McRoberts.

Buy your Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, White Lead, Oils, Dye-Stuffs, School Books, Stationery, &c., at E. R. Chenault's.

Parsons, Dunton & Scoville's, Thompson & Bowler's and Spearman Copy Books, 15 cents each, or two for 25 cents, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

A complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of Hooks, Lines, Snoods, Pole Trimmings, Keels and Minnows, at ANDERSON & McRoberts.

C. S. R. R.—Mr. Patrick Flannery, the contractor for section 85 in Pulaski, has completed his work to the satisfaction of the Engineers and has pulled up stakes on the Cincinnati Southern. Like a good many of us, he has had quite enough of it, and is willing now to retire for a season.

DESIRED to bring to this market the largest, best and most attractive stock of goods of any merchant in this part of the State, Mr. E. B. Hayden is still in the Eastern markets making purchases and shipping them home as fast as lightning express trains can bear them.

F. J. CAMPBELL.—HORSE AND CROP ITEMS.—Wanted—Information as to who has certain Patent Attachment to an "old fashioned" churn. The "attachment" is screwed into a stationary post, or wall, and works by a crank, like a grindstone, and a small grindstone is also attached. The movement is perpendicular. Address this office.

DISMISSED.—Baptist is catching fits at Shelby City, this week. Rev. Kendall of the Protestant Methodist Church and Elder Ball, of the Christian Church commenced a discussion there on Tuesday, which is to last eight days. Not much interest is manifested in the debate, as it is not supposed that these obscure brethren will be able to sustain the weight of their arguments.

NEW LIVERY STABLE.—J. B. Owens and Thomas Buford have formed a co-partnership in the Livery Stable business, and are getting ready an outfit that can not be surpassed by any stable in the State, outside of Louisville. They have already purchased five or six new buggies and phaeton, and a number of fine horses. Advertisements next week.

FISHING.—Mr. R. E. Barrow, with his usual generosity, invites any and all persons inclined to while away an hour or so in angling, to visit his pond and enjoy themselves. The pond is stocked with the best varieties of fish and will be free to any one till the first of May. Those who accept this kind offer are requested not to leave his gates open nor bring their horses inside his enclosure.

WEARON & EVANS.—A little child of Mr. Hubble, who lives in the old Garvin place, next to our house, died yesterday morning of tonsillitis.

JACKSON RUSSELL, of the West End, who was arrested and taken to Louisville on a charge of illicit selling of whisky, was fined \$100 and imprisoned for four months by the U. S. Court.

PITMAN Creek Bridge on the C. S. R. R. in Pulaski, is rapidly approaching completion. When finished it will present a grand appearance and take rank among the many powerful and costly undertakings on the road. Capt. Weeks, it is said, remains the work from 7 A. M. till 5 P. M., each day, which is evidence enough that a repetition of the Ashtabula horror will never take place at Pitman.

MR. S. M. MYERS will leave to-day to take up quarters until Fall at his new Hotel at Cumberland Falls. He has made some excellent improvements in this popular pleasure resort, and will, in a few weeks, be ready to receive guests. He is amply fixed to accommodate 75 visitors, and can promise them, in addition to the best fare the country can produce, the finest scenery and the best fishing to be found in the world.

MR. W. M. STEPHENS' little child, who was so badly burned some time since, is slowly recovering from her injuries.

S. B. MATHENY, Esq., left for Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on Tuesday last, to attend a Railroad meeting to take place there this week.

MARRIED.—Wm. Vinson and Miss Sophie Gooch, were married yesterday, at the residence of the bride's father, near McKinney's Station.

DIED.—Mr. Wm. Young, Circuit Clerk of Casey county, died of Consumption on the 21st of this month. He was a very popular officer, and held in high regard by nearly every one.

UNDER the head of Religious Items on our first page, Elder Jos. Ballou is announced to preach here next Sunday. This appointment has been withdrawn, and he will preach at Hustonville at 11 o'clock on that day.

DIED.—On Monday last, after an illness of several weeks, Mrs. Sarah E. Mattingly, wife of Mr. Robert T. Mattingly. She was conscious of her condition to the last, and left many evidences to her surviving friends of her dying hope of a blissful hereafter.

A COMMUNICATION signed Grove C. Kennedy, appears in the Courier-Journal of Wednesday. He explains that he only escaped from the officers to keep from being taken to the dreary prison at Louisville, and asserts his willingness and ability to give bail for his appearance at trial in any sum not exceeding \$10,000. It is not likely that the officers will succeed in taking him *solen posse*, so it would be better plan to accept the terms that he is now in position dictate.

A large number of our countrymen, and a number of ladies have visited town this week from various parts of the country—many of whom came expressly to make purchases of Spring goods. For several days the store house of Hayden Bro's was crowded with them, and in the absence of the senior member of the firm, Mr. J. H. Dunn and Mr. Jos. Hayden were kept busy on their feet all the time, waiting on their customers. We'll put those two young men against any other two, here or elsewhere, as salesmen.

FRANK WOLFORD.

John S. Orsley Accepts.

To Craig Lynn, John C. Hill, W. F. Abrahams, and many other Voters and Citizens of the Walnut Flat Picnic:

In response to a call made upon me by you, under date of March 6th, 1877, to become a candidate to represent the county of Lincoln in the Lower House of the next General Assembly of Kentucky, I hereby declare myself a candidate for said position subject to the action of the Democratic party. I may say right here, that I have been solicited by many other citizens of the Commonwealth to become a candidate, which, I am sure, will be done by many others, and I am not at all surprised to see that I have been selected as a candidate by the people of this district.

Speaking.—Since his return from Washington, Judge Durham has been very unwell, and most of the time has been confined to his house. He is improving rapidly though, now, and writes us that he will address the people of Lincoln at the Court House next Monday, at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of rendering an account of his stewardship as Representative from this district. I have no doubt that he will be well received by the people of this district, and I am sure, that he will be a credit to the State.

John S. Owsley.

March 29, 1877.

JOHN L. CHAMBERS.

John S. Orsley Accepts.

To Craig Lynn, John C. Hill, W. F. Abrahams, and many other Voters and Citizens of the Walnut Flat Picnic:

In response to a call made upon me by you, under date of March 6th, 1877, to become a candidate to represent the county of Lincoln in the Lower House of the next General Assembly of Kentucky, I hereby declare myself a candidate for said position subject to the action of the Democratic party. I may say right here, that I have been solicited by many other citizens of the Commonwealth to become a candidate, which, I am sure, will be done by many others, and I am not at all surprised to see that I have been selected as a candidate by the people of this district.

Speaking.—Since his return from Washington, Judge Durham has been very unwell,

and most of the time has been confined to his house. He is improving rapidly though, now, and writes us that he will address the people of Lincoln at the Court House next Monday, at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of rendering an account of his stewardship as Representative from this district. I have no doubt that he will be well received by the people of this district, and I am sure, that he will be a credit to the State.

John S. Owsley.

March 29, 1877.

JOHN L. CHAMBERS.

John S. Orsley Accepts.

To Craig Lynn, John C. Hill, W. F. Abrahams, and many other Voters and Citizens of the Walnut Flat Picnic:

In response to a call made upon me by you, under date of March 6th, 1877, to become a candidate to

The Interior Journal.

STANFORD, KY.

Friday Morning, March 30, 1877.

CAPTURED BY AN HEIRESS.

[From the Sunday Argus.]

A cosier place than the big sitting-room at Hillcrest would have been hard to find; if one had traveled from Land's End to John O'Groats; and on this eventful evening, when the destinies of two people were about taking definite form—two people who had never seen each other, and who were cousins, and who had heard of each other so much and so often that both were curiously eager to meet—on this important evening the sitting-room at Hillcrest had never looked pleasanter or cosier.

A huge fire of logs glowed like molten carbuncles in the open fireplace; on the table in the center of the floor, whose cover matched the glowing crimson of the carpet, was a silver stand that held a dozen snowy wax tapers, whose beaming light contrasted exquisitely with the ruddy glow of the fire.

And beside the table, in a big, cushioned chair, with his feet toward the genial warmth on the hearth, his gay dressing-gown sitting comfortably on his portly form, his gold-rimmed glasses on his nose, sat the owner and master of Hillcrest, Mr. Abiah Cressington, rich, good-natured, and fond of his own way.

Opposite him was the mistress of the place—little, shrew-faced, sharp-nosed, merry aunt Cornelia, his sister, who, since her widowhood, had come to Hillcrest to make her bachelor brother's home as pleasant as she could.

That she had succeeded was very evident by the way now in which he looked up from a letter he had been reading—the confidential, kindly way in which he did it.

"Walter writes a curious letter in response to my invitation to come and spend a few weeks at Hillcrest, as soon as he gets over his fatigue from his ocean voyage home from his five years' tour abroad. I'll read it to you."

He leaned near the softly glowing lights, and began the short concise reply Walter Austin had written from his chamber in the Temple.

"You are very kind, indeed, uncle Abiah, to ask me down to Hillcrest for as long as I wish to stay, and I can assure you I have been so long a wanderer that the idea of home is very pleasant to me. But when I take into consideration the peculiar importance you propose attaching to my visit, I am unwilling to accept the invitation.

The handsome young gentleman went to sleep and dreamed instead of Mabel's laughing eyes, of Irene's gentle tender ones, and awoke somewhere in the middle of the night, ready to get to sleep again for thinking of her.

And the after days were not much better. Despite the golden value of Mabel there was something about Irene Vance that made this headstrong fellow very foolishly indifferent to the advice he had sworn to follow.

"Because, by Jove! fellow would have to be made of granite to resist the sweet, shy ways of such a little darling as Irene! And I'll marry her, if she'll have me, and the money and property may go to the dogs! I've a head and a pair of hands, and little blue-eyed Irene shall not suffer."

It was not an hour later that he met her in the hall, carrying great bouquets of holly, to festoon down the sombre winter staircase.

"Give me your burden, Irene. Why didn't you tell me you were going to gather it, and let me go with you?"

He managed to get the lovely sprays from her arms, but required an immense amount of tardy effort on his part, and shy, sweet blushing on hers.

"Answer me, Irene. Why didn't you let me go with you? Wouldn't you have liked it?"

He demanded her answer in his most captivating, lordly way, and she dropped her eyes confusedly.

"Y-e-s."

"Then why were you so cruel to me? Say, Irene."

"I am not cruel to any body. Indeed I must go."

Walter planted himself precisely in the way, and was looking down at her rose-tinted face.

About twenty years ago, a somewhat abusive opponent of the Baptists was publishing a book against them at the office of the printer of the Acts of the Mississippi Legislature. By some inadvertence the sheets got mixed, and before the confusion was detected, several copies of the acts were so bound as to exhibit the following astonishing piece of legislation: "Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives, of the State of Mississippi, That *bop* means to put under the water, and *tio* means to pull out."

Another French Story.—"Six years ago he detected her committing a sin. He never pardoned her, but condemned her to live with him, and since then he has ever dressed himself in clothes of the same material and cut as those worn by her paramour. In this costume he took his walks abroad with his wife. The unfortunate woman died of a broken heart, and her husband followed her hearse clad in yellow costume."

Mr. Cressington looked aghast at his sister's determined face.

"Why, I really didn't suppose—"

"Of course you didn't. It's only your natural stupidity, you dear old fellow. Men are like. Don't I know them like a book? And you're ruining your hopes for Mabel and Walter at the very outset."

Mr. Cressington stated discomfited.

"I am sure I meant it right enough, Cornelia. I certainly wanted Walter to know what a little darling our Mabel is."

"Very commendable, indeed; only if you had consulted me about the letter you sent, I should have advised you to say nothing about Mabel, or her charms, or her expectations. I should have asked him simply to come and see us, and have left the rest to Mabel's blue eyes. You see, Abiah?"

His lips compressed slowly.

"I think I see. And my hopes in that direction are all ruined."

The silver needles clicked rapidly, and the snowy-white yarn came reciting merrily off the ball under her arm.

"Not at all. Leave it to me, and I'll see what can be done. Trust a woman's wit to get even a blundering old fellow like yourself out of a scrape."

She smiled and nodded, and looked altogether so mischievous, that Mr. Cressington became quite excited over her little mystery.

"Do explain, Cornelia!"

And when she "explained" he leaned back in his chair, with an expression of positive awe and admiration on his face.

"What a woman you are, Cornelia! I declare it beats anything I ever heard in my life!"

After dusk on a glorious winter day, with here and there a star twinkling in the pale gray sky, and the lights and the fires in the Hillcrest sitting-room making an elegant welcome to Walter Austin, he stood in the midst of the lonely home circle, tall, gentlemanly, handsome, and self-possessed.

Old Mr. Cressington was in his richest humor as he led forward two young girls.

"Come, don't be shy, now. Walter is your cousin, Mabel Cressington, and this her good friend and inseparable Irene Vance, come to help entertain you. My nephew, Mr. Walter Austin, girls. And this is aunt Cornelia—you remember her well enough, I hope?"

And so the presentation was merrily got over, and Walter found himself at home in the most pleasant family he had known.

They were remarkably pretty girls, with blue eyes—although Miss Vance's were decidedly the deeper blue and more bewitching—and lovely yellow hair, although Walter found himself admiring the style of Miss Vance's coiffure before he had known her an hour, and when he went up to his room that night he felt as if between the two—roguish Mabel and sweet little Irene—he never would come out heart-whole.

Mabel is a good little darling, and I will take old great-uncle Abiah's advice and fall in love with her, and thereby secure a generous share of the Cressington estates."

Walter looked astonished, and then felt Irene tremble on his arm.

"Darling, what is it?"

She smiled through her tears as she clung to his arm.

"Oh, Walter, I am so afraid you will be angry. I am Mabel after all, and—"

"And you have made love to your cousin, the heiress, in spite of yourself, my boy! So Hillcrest is a foregone fact, after all, eh?"

"Don't sold, please, Walter!" Mabel said, in a low, pleading voice, with her blue eyes looking into his own.

"As if I ever could say you, my darling! And since I have you, what need I care else?"

And Mrs. Cornelia turned over the leaves of the receipt-book until she came to "wedding-cake," and avers that she made the match herself.

They were very pretty, and there was apparently five or six years difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Busey, out on the A. K. & D. the younger girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew in joyous smiles a young man came dashing into the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would probably have carried her had she permitted him. The passengers smiled as she left the car, and the murmur went rippling through the couch. "They're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, yet seemed to be expecting some one. At last he came. He bulged into the door like a house on fire, looked along the seats until his manly gaze fell on her upturned, expectant face, roared—"Come on: I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes," grabbed her basket and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a hand box, a paper bag full of lunch, a birdcage, a glass jar of jelly preserves and an extra shawl. And a crusty looking old bachelor in the further end of the car, crooked out, in unison with the indignant looks of the passengers, "They're married." — [Burlington Hawkeye.]

He managed to get the lovely sprays from her arms, but required an immense amount of tardy effort on his part, and shy, sweet blushing on hers.

"Answer me, Irene. Why didn't you let me go with you? Wouldn't you have liked it?"

He demanded her answer in his most captivating, lordly way, and she dropped her eyes confusedly.

"Y-e-s."

"Then why were you so cruel to me? Say, Irene."

"I am not cruel to any body. Indeed I must go."

Walter planted himself precisely in the way, and was looking down at her rose-tinted face.

No, I can't go yet. Irene you are cruel, or you would never deprive me of one opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of your society."

His voice lowered tenderly, and he dropped his head nearer her golden curls.

"You know I think it is cruel in you to be so distant, and shy, and reserved with me—don't you, Irene?"

She shrank away, her lovely form drooping like a lily of the valley, her checks hanging out their signals of distress and confusion.

"Oh, please, don't talk so me! Indeed I must go. Mabel is waiting for the bolly, and she—they won't like it if—"

But Irene was a prisoner in his tight grasp.

"If what? If they find you and me talking so confidentially together?"

"No! I mean if I don't take the holly at once."

Walter put his arm around her waist before she hardly knew what he was doing.

"Irene, look up! You shall not until you let me see in your eyes if you love me as well as I love you! I should have asked him simply to come and see us, and have left the rest to Mabel's blue eyes. You see, Abiah?"

His lips compressed slowly.

"I think I see. And my hopes in that direction are all ruined."

The silver needles clicked rapidly, and the snowy-white yarn came reciting merrily off the ball under her arm.

"Not at all. Leave it to me, and I'll see what can be done. Trust a woman's wit to get even a blundering old fellow like yourself out of a scrape."

She smiled and nodded, and looked altogether so mischievous, that Mr. Cressington became quite excited over her little mystery.

"Do explain, Cornelia!"

And when she "explained" he leaned back in his chair, with an expression of positive awe and admiration on his face.

"And you can deliberately give up so much for only just me?"

Her wondrous eyes met his now bravely, and thrilled him with the love-light in them.

"Only just you, my own darling! Why, you are more than all the world to me! Come, Irene, we will go tell uncle Abiah at once. Just one kiss, first, yes, you must!"

And he had more than one, or two, or three—he had as many as he wanted—before he led her, blushing, with tears trembling on her lashes, like diamonds on a golden thread, to uncle Abiah, who sat in his library with Mrs. Cornelia, industriously looking over a recipe-book.

They looked up in surprise as Walter marched in, Irene on his arm.

"If you please, uncle Abiah, I want your blessing and cordial consent to give you Irene for your niece. I love her, and she loves me."

Uncle Abiah looked shrewdly over his glasses at Mrs. Cornelia.

"Well, sister, what shall we say to it?"

And a broad smile of perfect delight was on her merry face.

"Say? Why, tell them yes, and welcome; and tell them their aunt Cornelia isn't a fool, if their uncle Abiah is!"

Walter looked astonished, and then felt Irene tremble on his arm.

"Darling, what is it?"

She smiled through her tears as she clung to his arm.

"Oh, Walter, I am so afraid you will be angry. I am Mabel after all, and—"

"And you have made love to your cousin, the heiress, in spite of yourself, my boy! So Hillcrest is a foregone fact, after all, eh?"

"Don't sold, please, Walter!" Mabel said, in a low, pleading voice, with her blue eyes looking into his own.

"As if I ever could say you, my darling! And since I have you, what need I care else?"

And Mrs. Cornelia turned over the leaves of the receipt-book until she came to "wedding-cake," and avers that she made the match herself.

They were very pretty, and there was apparently five or six years difference in their ages. As the train pulled up at Busey, out on the A. K. & D. the younger girl blushed, flattened her nose nervously against the window, and drew in joyous smiles a young man came dashing into the car, shook hands tenderly and cordially, insisted on carrying her valise, magazine, little paper bundle, and would probably have carried her had she permitted him. The passengers smiled as she left the car, and the murmur went rippling through the couch. "They're engaged." The other girl sat looking nervously out of the window, and once or twice gathered her parcels together as though she would leave the car, yet seemed to be expecting some one. At last he came. He bulged into the door like a house on fire, looked along the seats until his manly gaze fell on her upturned, expectant face, roared—"Come on: I've been waiting for you on the platform for fifteen minutes," grabbed her basket and strode out of the car, while she followed with a little valise, a hand box, a paper bag full of lunch, a birdcage, a glass jar of jelly preserves and an extra shawl. And a crusty looking old bachelor in the further end of the car, crooked out, in unison with the indignant looks of the passengers, "They're married." — [Burlington Hawkeye.]

He managed to get the lovely sprays from her arms, but required an immense amount of tardy effort on his part, and shy, sweet blushing on hers.

"Answer me, Irene. Why didn't you let me go with you? Wouldn't you have liked it?"

He demanded her answer in his most captivating, lordly way, and she dropped her eyes confusedly.

"Y-e-s."

"Then why were you so cruel to me? Say, Irene."

"I am not cruel to any body. Indeed I must go."

Walter planted himself precisely in the way, and was looking down at her rose-tinted face.

No, I can't go yet. Irene you are cruel, or you would never deprive me of one opportunity to enjoy the blessedness of your society."

His voice lowered tenderly, and he dropped his head nearer her golden curls.

"You know I think it is cruel in you to be so distant, and shy, and reserved with me—don't you, Irene?"

She shrank away, her lovely form drooping like a lily of the valley, her checks hanging out their signals of distress and confusion.

"Oh, please, don't talk so me! Indeed I must go. Mabel is waiting for the bolly, and she—they won't like it if—"

But Irene was a prisoner in his tight grasp.

"If what? If they find you and me talking so confidentially together?"

"No! I mean if I don't take the holly at once."

Walter put his arm around her waist before she hardly knew what he was doing.

"Irene, look up! You shall not until you let me see in your eyes if you love me as well as I love you! I should have asked him simply to come and see us, and have left the rest to Mabel's blue eyes. You see, Abiah?"

His lips compressed slowly.

"I think I see. And my hopes in that direction are all ruined."